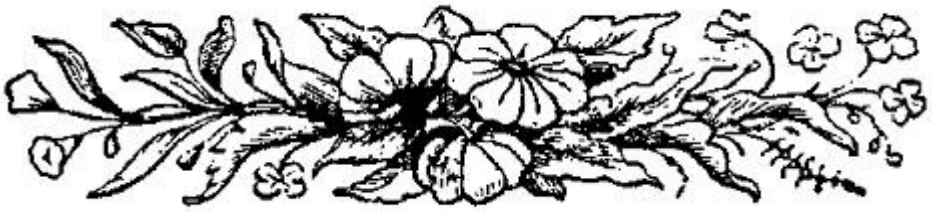
Poetry
February 2019



Decoration

by S. Foster Damon
The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Eight Harvard Poets*

A little pagan child-god plays
Beyond the far horizon haze,
And underneath the twilight trees
He blows a bubble to the breeze,
Which is borne upward in the night
And makes the heavens shine with light.
But soon it sinks to earth again,
And, hitting hills, it bursts! And then
With foam the skies are splashed and sprayed;
And that's how all the stars are made.

Fragmentary Blue

by Robert Frost
The Project Gutenberg EBook of *New Hampshire...*

Why make so much of fragmentary blue
In here and there a bird, or butterfly,
Or flower, or wearing-stone, or open eye,
When heaven presents in sheets the solid hue?

Since earth is earth, perhaps, not heaven (as yet)—
Though some savants make earth include the sky;
And blue so far above us comes so high,
It only gives our wish for blue a whet.

Nuova.

by Annie Vivanti
The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Lirica*

Non voglio più cantare i vecchi amori,
L'eterno aprile ed il chiaror di luna.
Ho in uggia il cielo azzurro e gli astri e i fiori,
La brezza, le barchette e la laguna!

Odio le serenate, i mandolini,
Le dame bionde e i pallidi garzoni,
Quella folla di tristi fantoccini,
Popolo da sonetti e da canzoni.

Io voglio un nuovo canto audace e forte,
Disdegnoso di regole e di rime,
Voglio l'amor che rida della morte,
Voglio del genio la pazzìa sublime!

E se tu m'ami dell'amor ch'io voglio
Baciami sulla bocca in faccia al sole,
Fatti dell'amor tuo scudo ed orgoglio
E la pugna sottentri alle parole!

Col nuovo inno d'amor che vibra e freme
E schiude il cielo all'anima rapita,
Tenendoci per mano, andiamo insieme
A vincer la battaglia della vita!

Only A Cowboy

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Cowboy Songs*

Away out in old Texas, that great lone star state,
Where the mocking bird whistles both early and late;
It was in Western Texas on the old N A range
The boy fell a victim on the old staked plains.

He was only a cowboy gone on before,
He was only a cowboy, we will never see more;
He was doing his duty on the old N A range
But now he is sleeping on the old staked plains.

His crew they were numbered twenty-seven or eight,
The boys were like brothers, their friendship was great,
When "O God, have mercy" was heard from behind,--
The cattle were left to drift on the line.

He leaves a dear wife and little ones, too,
To earn them a living, as fathers oft do;
For while he was working for the loved ones so dear
He was took without warning or one word of cheer.

And while he is sleeping where the sun always shines,
The boys they go dashing along on the line;
The look on their faces it speaks to us all
Of one who departed to the home of the soul.

He was only a cowboy gone on before,
He was only a cowboy, we will never see more;
He was doing his duty on the old N A range
But now he is sleeping on the old staked plains.

The Wife-Woman

by Anne Spencer
The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Book of American Negro Poetry*

Maker-of-Sevens in the scheme of things
From earth to star;
Thy cycle holds whatever is fate, and
Over the border the bar.
Though rank and fierce the mariner
Sailing the seven seas,
He prays, as he holds his glass to his eyes,
Coaxing the Pleiades.

I cannot love them; and I feel your glad
Chiding from the grave,
That my all was only worth at all, what
Joy to you it gave.
These seven links the _Law_ compelled
For the human chain--
I cannot love _them_; and _you_, oh,
Seven-fold months in Flanders slain!

A jungle there, a cave here, bred six
And a million years,
Sure and strong, mate for mate, such
Love as culture fears;
I gave you clear the oil and wine;
You saved me your hob and hearth--
See how _even_ life may be ere the
Sickle comes and leaves a swath.

But I can wait the seven of moons,
Or years I spare,
Hoarding the heart's plenty, nor spend
A drop, nor share--
So long but outlives a smile and
A silken gown;
Then gaily I reach up from my shroud,
And you, glory-clad, reach down.

The Ghosts Of Revellers

.by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop
The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Along the Shore*

At purple eyes beside the grain,
Our loves on altars we had burned,
And mixed our tribute with the dew,
Our tears, when rosy dawn returned.

Our voices we had joined with song
Of bird ecstatic, light, and free;
Our laughter rollicked with the brook
Running through darkness merrily.

At purple eyes beside the rim
Of frozen lakes our loves we burned,
And slid away when stillness reigned:
Deep the vast woods our bodies urned.

In starlit night along the shade

Of our dusk tombs our spirits glide;
We hear the echoing of the wind,
We breathe the sighs we living sighed.

Your Daily Life Is Your Temple

, by Kahlil Gibran
The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Prophet*

Your daily life is your temple and your religion.

Whenever you enter into it take with you your all.

Take the plough and the forge and the mallet and the lute,

The things you have fashioned in necessity or for delight.

For in revery you cannot rise above your achievements nor fall lower than your failures.

And take with you all men: For in adoration you cannot fly higher than their hopes nor humble yourself lower than their despair.

What A Pity!

by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall
Project Gutenberg's '*Twixt Earth and Stars*

What a pity that all our wishes,
And most of our prayers are vain;
When we strive to recall a pleasure,
Or crave to forget a pain.

When the motives we deemed sufficient,
Seem paltry, and mean, and weak;
And the goal we'd have lost our soul for,
Is that which we least would seek.

And the pride of those vast ambitions,

That rendered our hopes so great
Has become but the coal-black cinders,
Consumed in the fire of fate.

What a pity! that blind with folly,
We fancied all incomplete
Every flower of the true contentment,
That grew by our careless feet;

Nor did pause in our path, to gather
The fruits of a gracious Spring;
Or to seek in our hearts the anthem
We called on the world to sing.

Ah, well! maybe God will remember,
As payment of many debts,
The penance of sad non-attainments,
The sackcloth of vain regrets.

And perhaps the Recording Angel
May wipe out the faults of years
With the hem of His shining garment,
Grown damp with a sinner's tears.

Acknowledgment.

by Sidney Lanier
The Project Gutenberg Etext of *The Poems of Sidney Lanier*

I.

O Age that half believ'st thou half believ'st,
Half doubt'st the substance of thine own half doubt,
And, half perceiving that thou half perceiv'st,
Stand'st at thy temple door, heart in, head out!
Lo! while thy heart's within, helping the choir,
Without, thine eyes range up and down the time,
Blinking at o'er-bright science, smit with desire
To see and not to see. Hence, crime on crime.
Yea, if the Christ (called thine) now paced yon street,
Thy halfness hot with His rebuke would swell;
Legions of scribes would rise and run and beat
His fair intolerable Wholeness twice to hell.
`Nay' (so, dear Heart, thou whisperest in my soul),
`'Tis a half time, yet Time will make it whole.'

II.

Now at thy soft recalling voice I rise
Where thought is lord o'er Time's complete estate,
Like as a dove from out the gray sedge flies
To tree-tops green where cooes his heavenly mate.
From these clear coverts high and cool I see
How every time with every time is knit,
And each to all is mortised cunningly,
And none is sole or whole, yet all are fit.
Thus, if this Age but as a comma show
'Twixt weightier clauses of large-worded years,
My calmer soul scorns not the mark: I know
This crooked point Time's complex sentence clears.
Yet more I learn while, Friend! I sit by thee:
Who sees all time, sees all eternity.

III.

If I do ask, How God can dumbness keep
While Sin creeps grinning through His house of Time,
Stabbing His saintliest children in their sleep,
And staining holy walls with clots of crime? --
Or, How may He whose wish but names a fact
Refuse what miser's-scanting of supply
Would richly glut each void where man hath lacked
Of grace or bread? -- or, How may Power deny
Wholeness to th' almost-folk that hurt our hope --
These heart-break Hamlets who so barely fail
In life or art that but a hair's more scope
Had set them fair on heights they ne'er may scale? --
Somehow by thee, dear Love, I win content:
Thy Perfect stops th' Imperfect's argument.

IV.

By the more height of thy sweet stature grown,
Twice-eyed with thy gray vision set in mine,
I ken far lands to wifeless men unknown,
I compass stars for one-sexed eyes too fine.
No text on sea-horizons cloudily writ,
No maxim vaguely starred in fields or skies,
But this wise thou-in-me deciphers it:
Oh, thou'rt the Height of heights, the Eye of eyes.
Not hardest Fortune's most unbounded stress
Can blind my soul nor hurl it from on high,
Possessing thee, the self of loftiness,
And very light that Light discovers by.
Howe'er thou turn'st, wrong Earth! still Love's in sight:

For we are taller than the breadth of night.

Baltimore, 1874-5.

Dead Men's Love

by Rupert Brooke
Project Gutenberg's *The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*

There was a damned successful Poet;
There was a Woman like the Sun.
And they were dead. They did not know it.
They did not know their time was done.
They did not know his hymns
Were silence; and her limbs,
That had served Love so well,
Dust, and a filthy smell.

And so one day, as ever of old,
Hands out, they hurried, knee to knee;
On fire to cling and kiss and hold
And, in the other's eyes, to see
Each his own tiny face,
And in that long embrace
Feel lip and breast grow warm
To breast and lip and arm.

So knee to knee they sped again,
And laugh to laugh they ran, I'm told,
Across the streets of Hell . . .
And then
They suddenly felt the wind blow cold,
And knew, so closely pressed,
Chill air on lip and breast,
And, with a sick surprise,
The emptiness of eyes.

Beclouded

by Emily Dickinson
Project Gutenberg's *Poems: Three Series, Complete*

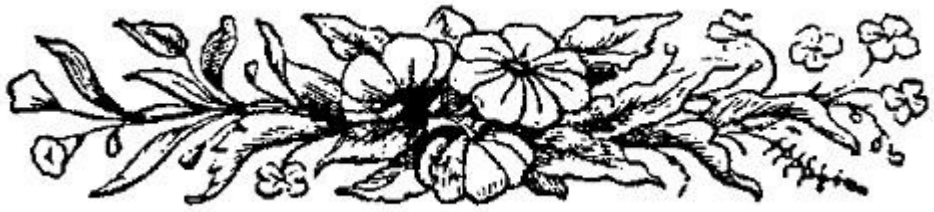
The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
A travelling flake of snow
Across a barn or through a rut
Debates if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day
How some one treated him;
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.

Home-Thoughts From The Sea

by Robert Browning
Project Gutenberg's *The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children*

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest North-east distance dawn'd Gibraltar grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?"--say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.



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